That you haue but ſlumbred here,
While theſe viſions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yielding but a dreame,
Gentles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, wee will mend.
And, as I am an honeſt *Puck*,
If we haue vnearned luck,
Now to ſcape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends, ere long:
Elſe, the *Puck* a lyer call.
So, good night vnto you all.
Giue me your hands, if we be friends:
And *Robin* ſhall reſtore amends,

FINIS.